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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1915

Charity covers a multitude of sins—and sinners.

The Nations Are Our Baskets

FOREIGN trade means more than an extra customer or two. It means salvation for American business in time of domestic depression.

The great corporations doing an international business have felt the hard times of recent months less than the period of stagnation has affected the companies without a foreign market for their goods. The company doing a national business, likewise feels a period of depression less than the company whose sole market is in one city or in one State. The manufacturing business may be dull, but good crops may make the farmers prosperous and the farmers will buy when the mill workers have no money.

The old advice against putting all the eggs in one basket applies to all big business. And when a great producing city like Philadelphia can transform the nations of the world into baskets and fill them with its products it is safeguarded against any possible period of serious business stagnation. Argentine can buy one class of goods; Russia another class; China still another, and England, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria and Japan still others. And some of these nations will want goods all of the time.

Herein lies the reason for the campaign to enlarge the foreign trade of this port. We can make ourselves prosperous and independent if we only awake to our opportunities and have the courage to embrace them.

Life Not "All Clothes and Eatin's"

MR. EDISON to the contrary notwithstanding, life is not all "clothes and eatin's." What, for example, have Mr. Edison's talking machines to do with either? Of course they supply money with which he can buy clothing and food, but the people who buy them are interested in something beside keeping their bodies warm and properly fed. There is food for the mind, and clothing for the spirit, and they are really of as much consequence to any civilized nation as the mere material necessities of the body.

Art in all its forms—painting, sculpture, music, literature—all feed a hunger which grows with advancing civilization. The savage is not content with mere covering from the cold. He wants adornment, and thereby differentiates himself from the animal. The crowd which fills the moving picture shows disproves Mr. Edison's estimate of life. They distract? Yes. They amuse and lift people out of the thought of the struggle for existence, comprised in the fight for food and clothing. And every school, every church, every art gallery, every theatre, every ornate building, when a mere shell would answer, is vocal with its protest against the dominance of the stomach in human affairs.

Fanny Crosby

WHOEVER, in full possession of all his faculties, can read the story of the life of Fanny Crosby and then repine, is either a neurasthenic and in need of a physician, or an inveterate pessimist, deserving no sympathy whatever. This remarkable woman, who is just dead at the age of 95 years, devoted her life, not to repining, but to beguiling others from their woes. No woman of the three generations through which she lived has written more to bring consolation to breaking hearts than this blind producer of beautiful hymns.

What Is the Matter With Kansas Now?

WHEN William Allen White asked the question that made him famous he did not think his State was so bad as it was painted. But in these degenerate days a member of the State Legislature is persuaded that it is so bad that to make a presentable appearance it must be painted. As he is opposed to all shams he is trying to induce his fellow legislators to forbid women under the age of 45 years to appear in public decorated with paint and powder.

This was not the trouble with Kansas a few years ago. Her women were so beautiful that paint could not adorn them. Indeed, the natural blush of their blooming complexions made the painted beauty look like a pale ascension lily beside an American Beauty rose. But Kansas was less prosperous then than now. Can it be that big crops, the disappearance of mortgages from the farms and the popularity of the automobile are ruining the complexions of the Kansas women so that legislation is necessary to prevent half the population from trying to seem what they are not? God forbid. At this distance the Kansas girls seem as beautiful as ever with their natural complexions.

If Spain Can Do It, Why Not America?

SOME Spaniards have foresight enough to see that when this war is over there will be a demand for new ships. They are building shipyards at Bilboa for the construction of great merchant vessels.

Philadelphia has its shipyards already built. It has its workmen trained in the art, and it is within easy access of the raw material for ships. All that is lacking to fill these shipyards with growing vessels is Americans with vision enough to see that the destruction of merchant shipping that is bound to come before the war is over will be followed by a demand for new ships at once, and investors with nerve enough to get those ships started in time to be ready when the demand comes.

There is plenty of idle capital. The business catastrophe of the last two years has made investors timid. They are keeping their funds in the banks. They would serve themselves and their country if they would only put it into ships. They may argue that the investment is too uncertain. But even if the amount of merchant shipping destroyed should be small the destruction of warships has already been considerable and is bound to be greater, and the big shipyards of England and Germany will be worked to their full capacity in rebuilding the navies and cannot build merchant ships enough to supply the normal demands of an increasing ocean trade.

Speculating in ships is much safer than speculating in wheat and much better for the country. If Spain has the nerve, why not America?

Two Vigorous Notes in Spite of Unpreparedness

THE American notes to London and Berlin will take rank among the most important state documents ever sent out from Washington.

There is a rigor of logic in the London note that is particularly noteworthy and gratifying. "The occasional use of a flag of a neutral or an enemy under the stress of immediate pursuit * * * seems to this Government a very different thing from an explicit sanction by a belligerent Government for its merchant ships generally to fly the flag of a neutral Power within certain portions of the high seas, which are presumed to be frequented by hostile warships." Incidents in themselves defensible, if constantly repeated and habitually adhered to, becoming a custom, may readily acquire indefensibility. The United States cannot acquiesce in a patent misuse of its colors, for purposes of deception, when such misuse imperils all American shipping and challenges the integrity of the flag. It becomes, in fact, an unfriendly act and must be so interpreted.

The note to Berlin, in other times, would be considered practically an ultimatum. It warns the Kaiser that the sinking of an American ship or the killing of an American citizen by German naval vessels, without previous determination of the status of the ship and the people on board it, would be "an indefensible violation of neutral rights, which it would be very hard, indeed, to reconcile with the friendly relations now so happily subsisting between the two Governments." Germany must renounce its declared policy or invite the severance of friendly relations with the United States. It is a situation that it would be folly to characterize as not critical. Washington has taken a deliberate stand and a right stand. It cannot withdraw or compromise. Our shipping must be protected and wanton destruction of it will not be tolerated.

Allies and Germans are becoming more and more anti-American; the one side because we are not openly unneutral in its behalf, and the other for the same reason. Our international relations are critical and are certain to remain so until this great war is over. Yet in the face of such conditions, the cry for "no preparation" is heard about the land and Washington becomes economical when naval appropriations are concerned. It is our wealth that saves us from humiliation. Was there ever a nation so obviously in need of a great navy, so well able to afford it and so stolidly obstinate in refusing to get it?

The backbone the Administration has shown must cheer every good American. Let it be accompanied by a comprehensive policy of national defense, that our voice may have behind it the weight of might, that we may not be humiliated and mocked because of our unpreparedness. We can be sure of an honorable and everlasting peace when we are prepared irresistibly to protect and enforce our rights.

The Moon Does Not Use a Calendar

STARTING with the simple fact that the whole month of February will pass without the moon coming to its full, it would be possible to exhaust the science of astronomy and the art of measuring time before the unusual phenomenon was fully explained.

The awesome mystery of the movement of the heavenly bodies is involved in the period of the waxing and waning of the little satellite of the Earth. Who hung the stars in the Heavens, and sent the solar system spinning about in space? What Force holds the planets in their orbits and prevents them from crashing into one another? What mystic Governor regulates the period of the appearance of the planets and their disappearance from the range of our telescopes? We have some set terms in which we attempt to explain the inexplicable, but it amounts to little more than giving names to things about which we know as little as Adam knew of anatomy when he made a catalogue of the inmates of the first zoological garden.

Although there will be no full moon in February, we need not worry. The little satellite will present its round face to us in due time, for the man in the moon does not know or care anything about the arbitrary divisions of time in the Gregorian calendar.

This is New Year's Day for the Chinese. China was always a backward nation.

The British ought to have let the Wilhelmina go through to Holland, on account of her name, if for no other reason.

Who wrecked the Uniontown Bank, the "money trust" or the men who got its affairs so badly entangled they could not be unraveled?

The New York Sun's suggestion that April 1 should be set apart as Democracy Day, in honor of the way the party has fooled the country, deserves the serious consideration of Congress.

There was money enough for the Penrose campaign, but there seems to be none in Washington to pay for an inquiry into how the slush fund was spent. The rule seems to be millions for carrying elections, but not one cent for disclosing who got the money.

If you did not do it yesterday, go down to Independence Hall to-day and stand on the bronze tablet in the sidewalk where Lincoln stood in 1861, and vow to be as true to the plain people of your city as Lincoln was to the common people of the United States.

LINCOLN'S EDUCATION WAS NOT MIRACULOUS

Its History Is a Plain Narrative of Work and Shows That a Man, by the Aid of His Will, Can Establish His Own College.

By JOSEPH H. ODELL

AS THE decades pass the figure of Abraham Lincoln looms up greater and greater. Time is giving us the right perspective and each year makes him seem more of a miracle. Yet in sober truth no man ever had less of the miraculous in his history. His rise was not even sudden, but by the slowest and most tedious gradation. Every step has been distinctly traced, and there is not one of them that any other man might not have taken. Where he differed from other men was in the fact that he never stopped stepping until he reached the dizzy height of power and influence. It did not make him dizzy, because he had ascended so slowly.

Lincoln began absolutely at the bottom, and when he stood on the steps of the Capitol in 1865 to deliver his second Inaugural Address he was the embodiment of 46 years of careful self-education. The world soon rang with applause for the wise and prophetic speech, and the London Times said the Inaugural was the greatest State paper of the century. But whence came the flawless logic and the faultless form? According to his own account, Lincoln went to school "by littles"; "in all, it did not amount to more than a year." Scarcely one of his teachers could go beyond "readin', writin' and cipherin' to the rule of three." Such a curriculum was not likely to lead to the greatest State paper of the century; such a course of education was hardly planned for the making of a President. The secret lay elsewhere—in Lincoln's determination to make a man of himself.

Seeking Knowledge Afoot

Shut off from schools and colleges, Lincoln read and studied every book he could find. His father's library was pitifully small, so he borrowed far and wide. He once told a friend that he had "read through every book he had ever heard of in that country for a circuit of 50 miles." With nothing but a turkey-buzzard pen and home-made ink, he made a careful synopsis or copied long extracts from everything he read. These he committed to memory. Shingles, boards, shovels, doors, served as note books when he ran short of paper. He always kept a book in the crack of the logs by his rough bed, ready to seize the moment he awoke in the morning. He carried books with him wherever he went, valued every spare moment as an opportunity for reading, even chose his occupations with a view to the chances they offered for study.

Difficulties could not daunt a man who early in life had cultivated such a habit. When Lincoln began to study law he had to tramp 20 miles every time he wanted a law book. In doing so he would read and digest about 40 pages each trip. He never allowed the subject-matter to slip from his mind; when manual labor made it impossible for him to be reading he would recite aloud what he had last read and fix it forever in his mind. Twenty years after this time, when he was an acknowledged leader of the Illinois bar, he gave the following advice to a young man who wished to become a lawyer: "Get books and read and study them carefully. Begin with Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' and after reading carefully through say twice, take up Chitty's 'Pleading,' Greenleaf's 'Evidence' and Story's 'Equity,' in succession. Work, work, work, is the main thing."

Lincoln Learns Surveying

At the age of 24 Lincoln saw that there was not much of a future in general storekeeping. He was offered the position of deputy county surveyor. The only difficulty in the way of accepting was that he knew absolutely nothing about surveying. But what did such a trivial obstacle amount to? He borrowed Flint and Gibson's treatise on the subject and bent his will to the task of mastering it. He worked as if his temporal and eternal well-being depended upon the effort; everything else was banished; friends, pleasures and food were almost forgotten; day and night he kept at it, denying himself sleep, until he was pale and haggard and the neighbors expostulated. In six weeks he had mastered every branch of the subject upon which he could get any information and reported for work. No wonder he was a good surveyor! One of his biographers says: "Lincoln's surveys had the extraordinary merit of being correct. His verdict was invariably the end of any dispute, so general was the confidence in his honesty and skill."

One day, while still a law student at Springfield, Lincoln found he did not understand the meaning of the word "demonstrate." He told the story himself: "At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not know what "demonstrate" means,' and I left my situation at Springfield, went home to my father's house and stayed there until I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' meant, and went back to my law studies."

Fighting It Out

There are times when an inherited inclination or an acquired taste may threaten to overthrow a man's purpose. At such a moment he must summon his sternest resolution and act toward the tempting disposition as though it were a traitor about to sell him body and soul to his deadliest foe. No margin of hesitation or leniency must be allowed. The world is full of examples of men who have triumphed over difficulties and impediments quite as great as any that a young man can face today. Having once set the mark and established the goal, he must put his will in command and force every other desire, appetite, wish and emotion into unconditional obedience and "fight it out along that line if it takes all summer"—all winter, and many summers and winters combined.

ROBBING WOMEN OF THEIR PROPERTY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—There is much discussion as to whether the moving-picture play, "Your Girl and Mine," now running at a theatre in Philadelphia, depicts impossible situations when it shows a young wife legally robbed of her property and earnings by her husband and bereft of her little children, who are taken from her by this same brutal husband, sorely against her will.

"Absurd!" cry the skeptics. "The law in this country protects women better than that!" But lawyers tell us that in North Dakota, Oklahoma and Georgia a wife controls her own wages only if living apart from her husband—in the latter State if she is carrying on a separate business with his consent, made public by a notice in newspapers for a specified time. Under the laws of Maryland and Virginia a man may will away his minor children without the consent of their mother. This is true also in Delaware, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, West Virginia and New Mexico.

These laws are survivals from a less-enlightened period, when a married woman was practically the chattel of her husband, and are disappearing from our statute books as they are swept away by the growing power of women.

MARY WINSOR.

Haverford Postoffice, Pa., February 10.

FOR AN INDUSTRIAL FAIR

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—We can give this city the biggest kind of a "boost" by starting a movement among the manufacturers for a great industrial fair or exposition to be held each fall or winter at Convention Hall or other suitable building.

In this manner the diversified manufacturing interests of this locality could be shown to the best advantage, and prizes could be given to the best exhibit or most perfect product of each industry exhibited.

New York city some years ago held a very successful annual exhibition, called the American Institute Fair, and Pittsburgh, Pa., has its annual Industrial Exposition; then why not Philadelphia, which leads them all in the magnitude of its varied manufactured products?

There is no doubt that a Philadelphia industrial exposition or fair could be made financially successful if properly conducted in the interests of those vitally concerned so as to best exploit this great manufacturing centre.

WILLIAM D. THOMAS.

Philadelphia, February 8.

WHAT MAKES THE BREAD LINE LONG?

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The EVENING LEDGER fills such an important place in our municipal life, also in our homes, that it is hard to find fault with it, but the following editorial item does not make pleasant reading: "Of course, every friend of the Administration insists that it is the war which makes the bread line so long."

I am glad to be a friend of the Administration, but do not insist that it is the war that makes the bread line so long. The absence of war on rum, the creator of bread lines for the last 20 years, is the reason. I noticed the bread line at the rear of the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York, last week, but inside of that hotel was a line in front of its palatial bar, some of whom would go to make more bread-liners. Help eradicate the booze drinking, Mr. Editor, and when it is stamped out, bread lines will only be a memory.

RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

Philadelphia, February 10.

A GOOD WORD FOR GOOD WORK

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I want to thank you for the invaluable assistance you have rendered the Emergency Aid Committee with your excellent stories about its work. Your paper has been largely responsible for the maintenance and increase of public interest and public help.

MARIAN N. HORWITZ,
Public Director, Emergency Aid Committee.
Philadelphia, February 11.

GETTING AFTER COUNCILS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I would suggest that every citizen who wants rapid transit go to the polls at the next election and cast votes for a different Councilman. Do not give these men another chance to do anything for the public. McNichol should go down to defeat, and I have not the least doubt but that he will. At the next meeting of Councils the people of Philadelphia should declare that afternoon a holiday and march to City Hall and demand that the Taylor plan goes through. The people know the plans; why shouldn't the Council? It's a mistake to have them in office. Can't we put them all out? * * *

LOUIS MORGAN.

Philadelphia, February 11.

GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—This is just a line to express to you my gratification in your splendid editorial in a recent EVENING LEDGER, entitled "Give the Women a Chance." I have been delighted, as I know many others have been also with the fine, progressive policy taken by the EVENING LEDGER in regard to woman suffrage.

FANNY TRAVIS COCHRAN.

Philadelphia, February 7.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Permit one of your readers to take exception to Edward W. Townsend's article in the EVENING LEDGER.

Not Robert Fulton nor John Fitch, but to William Henry, of Lancaster, Pa., should credit be given, who, in 1763, operated the first steamboat on the Conestoga River.

If General Sadler will consult the "Life of William Henry" he will readily see to whom Congress should erect the monument.

JOHN HUSTON.

Philadelphia, February 3, 1915.

"Our Country Is the World"

From the New York Evening Post.

"Our country is the world. Our countrymen are mankind." This is the idea shadowed forth in the greeting of the English writers to kindred souls in Russia. Literature is a bond of unity. Art and science know no national boundaries. Truer than all else, in this day and generation it is the humane instinct in the heart of men which makes them all brothers. Already we have a world-citizenship of growing strength and of increasing self-consciousness. It has manifested itself, and will again with renewed power when this cruel war is over, in a love of all that is beautiful in art and life, and in concerted efforts to bind up earth's broken-hearted and to bring in everywhere fuller opportunity and larger liberty.

Various Companionships

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot, or does not, share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"STOP THAT, BOTH OF YOU!"

THE FESTIVAL OF OLD BISHOP VALENTINE

Customs of Other Days—Evidences That Its Observance Is Not Merely Foolish—A Valentine Which Cost Five Pounds and Another Which Was Wrought With Magic.

ONE of the Essays of Elia begins with a welcome to Valentine's Day. "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Archflamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar. * * * Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.
Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

St. Valentine was a Christian who was put to death at Rome, February 14, 270. "There has long been a popular superstition"—so sayeth a plain account—"that on that day of the year birds begin to mate. Hence, perhaps, arose the custom of observing it by sending missives containing professions of love and affection." But for the Valentine birds, go to the old poet Donne:

Chirping Choristers

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is:
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Some say that of late years the festival has degenerated. Literature records that married people used to participate in the festival. That was in the time when the chief ceremony consisted in the drawing of lots. By this custom names were written on pieces of paper, the men drawing the women's names and the women the men's. Each recipient became by this method somebody's valentine. Presents were given, as may be seen from the entry in Pepys' Diary for Valentine's Day, 1667: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines."

Drawing Mottoes

Two days later: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty."

It seems as if the custom must have resulted in considerable perplexity, or at least considerable drain upon the pocketbook. How long it continued is uncertain, but Lamb describes a valentine which was a missive and not a person.

Like Some Fairy Present

He prefaces his story of it with the remark that "All valentines are not foolish." "E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlor window in C——e street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humor. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his fame is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favor she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did.

"This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's Day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all of the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). * * *

"This on Valentine's Eve he commended to the all-swallowing, indiscriminate post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand the next morning he saw the cheerful messenger knock and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love or foolish expectations, for she had no lover, or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright things which delighted her.

"It was more like some fairy present; a godsend, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good forever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness."

The Right Use of Enemies

From the New Orleans States.

"I have, as you observe," wrote Franklin to John Jay the year he retired from the French mission, "some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an American; I have also two or three in America who are my enemies as a minister; but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man; for by His grace through a long life, I have been enabled so to conduct myself that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, 'Ben Franklin has wronged me.' This, my friend, is an old age of comfortable reflection. You, too, have or may have your enemies; but let not that render you unhappy. If you make a right use of them, they will do you more good than harm. They point out to us our faults; they put us upon our guard and help us to live more correctly."

Reading in Lumber Camps

From the New York Evening Post.

The Wisconsin Library Commission reports that the demand for good reading in lumber camps is so great that the lumberjacks will read the Atlantic Monthly until its contents are committed to memory. Cannot some of our college undergraduates be sent to Northwestern lumber camps?

How to Drive a Nail

Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up at night and think of your work with satisfaction.—Henry David Thoreau.

PSYCHE

Tender as wind of summer
That wanders among the flowers,
Down worldly aisles with enchanted smiles
She leads the mysterious hours.

This is immortal Psyche,
The winged soul of man—
Ardor unspent and innocent
As when the world began.

Out of the ancient silence
Over the darkling earth,
As streamers swim on the sunrise
She moves between sorrow and mirth.

The impulse of things eternal,
The transport hidden in clay,
Like a dancing beam on a noonday stream,
She signals along the way.

Her feet are poised over peril,
Her eyes are familiar with death,
Her radiant wings are daring things,
Frail as the beat of a breath.

Over the ocean of being,
In her gay, incredible flight,
See her float and run in the gold of the sun
Down to the gates of night.

The storm may darken above her,
The surges thunder below,
But on through a rift where the gold lights drift
Still she will dancing go.

Treasuring things forgotten,
As dreams and destinies fade;
Spirit of truth and ageless youth,
She laughs and is not afraid.

—Bliss Carman.

A VALENTINE

Last spring the flowers were young and growing
Enamored of the spring;
And skies were blue and streams were flowing
And dainty winds were softly blowing
And birds were on the wing.
Yet—though their songs to heaven started,
Still, still I lingered heavy-hearted,
And could not hear them sing.

Today a winter wind is raging,
The skies are cold and gray;
The flowers are dead and night is waging
His endless war, again engaging
The dying sun's array.
Yet blossoms all about seem springing
And birds within my heart are singing
My love passed by today.

—W. F. Lawson in Harper's Weekly.